THE
HAPPY COALITION.
A
POEM.

Humbly Addreſs'd to His

ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE of WALES
ON THE
Preſent Conjuncture and Joyful Reconciliation.

By a GENTLEMAN of the *Inner Temple.*

Virtue *may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,*
Surpriz'd by unjuſt Force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea e'en that, *which* Miſchief *meant moſt Harm,*
Shall, in the happy Trial, *prove moſt* Glory. Milton.

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THE

Happy Coalition.

'STAY, ſacred Goddeſs, we thy Aid implore,
'FREEDOM, fair blooming Maid, return once more!
'For *Thee* the Sailor toils, and rural Swains,
'With teeming Harveſts, ſpread the fertile Plains;
'Review thy native Soil, *the Britiſh Land*,
'Which, bleſt in Thee, large Empires cou'd command:
'My valiant *Britons* ſtruggled long for Thee,
'Smiling at Danger, ſo they might be *Free*:
'O ſtop thy Flight! our Sires you deign'd to bleſs,
'Their Sons with equal Ardour *Thee* careſs:
'Deſert not then the only happy Iſle
'Where you in Triumph reign, in Tranſport ſmile;
'Not, like the fabled *Mountain Nymph* of old,
'With Chaplets crown'd, but rich in Gems and Gold;
'Not *wild* in *Woods*, but in the *Palace crown'd*,
'By *Commerce* ſpreading to the Nations round;
'For tho' to Lands enſlav'd they roam'd, yet free
'My Sons enjoy'd a Heav'n of *Liberty*.

'Why

‘ Why wilt thou then thy once-lov’d Manſion quit ?
‘ Like a kind Parent ſtay and bleſs us yet !
‘ If not, may *Waves* o’er all my Cliffs aſcend,
‘ My *ravag’d Plains* with *friendly Waters* blend,
‘ That BRITAIN’s *Name* with *Loſs* of *Thee* may end !

BRITANNIA thus invok’d her much-lov’d Gueſt ;
Tears flow’d ſo faſt, Sighs only ſpake the reſt :
The *Goddeſs* then ſtood hov’ring on the Shore,
Prepar’d ſome unknown Climate to explore ;
With a dejected Aſpect ſhe beheld
The Land, which late in Arts and Arms excell’d ;
The doubtful Paſſions combat in Her Eyes,
And *Pity*, *Grief* and *Rage* alternate riſe,
Diſturb’d, her Fav’rite Station to forſake,
Oft She Attempts to mount, as oft looks back ;
Compaſſion moves her to lament their State,
So Wretched now, which once was Fair and Great ;
For *Public Cr——t* ſunk, ſhe drops a Tear,
And mourns o’er TRADE extended on its Bier :
She *grieves* to ſee FAME take her airy Flight,
Arts droop, and *Science* hid in gloomy Night ;
To ſee the *plunder’d* Merchants Viſage wear
Lean Diſcontent, *harſh* Want, and *pining* Care ;
Then ſudden *Rage* poſſeſſes all her Soul,
And moſt ſhe blames the *Authors of the Whole*.

E’en

E're wretched, weeping *Britain* ſhe forſakes,
Fair *Freedom* thus her laſt ſad Farewel takes.

' Why pauſe I thus to leave this faithleſs Strand!
' Why grieve to quit a rude, ingrateful Land,
' Which ſhar'd the Bliſs to others ſtill deny'd,
' My Fav'rite Iſle, my darling Joy and Pride?
' In *Cyprus* reign'd the beauteous *Queen of Love*,
' *Delos* had *Phæbus*, *Crete* ador'd her *Jove*,
' Even when *Rome* ſubdu'd moſt Empires known,
' *I* then was *Britain's Tutelar* alone:
' Thro' various Scenes of Peace and bloody War
' Down to the preſent Age they've been my Care:
' Deſparing *once* I ſhun'd the Noon-day Light,
' Sought friendly Darkneſs and the Covert Night,
' Till NASSAU pour'd me *full* upon their *Sight*.
' Nor ceas'd he here (the Conqu'ror cou'd no leſs)
' By *Thee*, he cried,' *Poſterity I'll bleſs!*
Then gave me to a fair *ſucceſſive Train*,
And fixt my *Right*, ſecuring GEORGE's *Reign*.

Pleas'd with my R——l *Prize*, I hug'd my Store,
My K——g *rever'd* me, and I wiſh'd no more.
Hence Subjects let me ramble unconfin'd
In ſportive Plays, or wanton in the Wind,
'Till they perceiv'd by Sloth they'd almoſt loſt
What ſo much Pains and Blood and Treaſure coſt;
A *faithleſs Subject* cauſeleſly preferr'd,
Plac'd high, ſelected from the common Herd,

Siez'd my fair *Form*, diſguis'd my beauteous *Face*,
That ſcarce the ſmalleſt Lineaments you trace.
From C——rts and P--l--es, by *him* exil'd,
I trac'd the *Plain*, and ſought the *Woodland Wild*;
Few Friends I found——while more to hurt my Fame
To a *falſe Fantom* he aſſign'd *my Name*;
Marted his *Honours*, and his *Favours ſold*
To proſtituted Crouds for Dirt and Gold:
Elate in Power, I con'd not come near;
No *Friend* durſt bring me to the R——E——r.
Shudd'ring with Horror, I review the Scene
Plaid o'er, ſince wand'ring up and down I've been:
Firſt P--n--l L---s, replete with endleſs Pain,
Tyrants to *Conſcience*, *Freedom's* felleſt *Bane*;
Farmers by Taxes rack'd too high and hard;
And *Honeſt Trade* a *Bankruptcy* declar'd;
Her lab'ring uſeleſs Sons quite ſtarv'd at Home
Or ſent in hoſtile Realms to meet their Doom.
Raw Youths attempt ſtrong Fortreſſes to ſieze,
While *Vet'rans* idly here loll at their Eaſe;
Huge Fleets, deſign'd to rule the ſubject Main,
Inſulted by th' inferior Force of S——,
Thee, *Britain!* ſighing as thy Heart would break,
Yet fearful of thy Sufferings to ſpeak;
Th *R ights* by thy own *Riches* brib'd away,
And to thy *baſer* Sons become a Prey——
Seeſt thou but this, and canſt implore my Stay?

If not the *civil Force* cou'd drive me hence,
The *Military* clinches the Offence.
Can *Freedom* e'er be ſaid to bleſs that Iſle
Where R--p--ne *guides*, and *Armies* learn to *ſpoil*?
Yet ſtill I liſten'd whene'er you applied,
Reſolv'd to riſe or periſh by your Side.
Stood ev'ry Inſult my *Oppreſſor* gave
And ſcorn'd to yield Thee up a willing Slave.
Thoſe Inſults, tho' by *him* too often ſhewn,
I hop'd were to the *R——l Pow'r* unknown—
For *Liberty* ſupports the *B——ſh* T——e.
But when th'audacious Wretch advanc'd ſo far
In Arrogance as to affront the H——r,
I cou'd no more——The laſt ſad Struggle made
For inſtant Flight my azure Wings I ſpread.
The *Patriot few* whoſe Breaſts with Ardour glow,
Drooping beheld me ſtand prepar'd to go.
Vainly I rallied all my fainting Hoſt,
In different *Sects*, and different *Parties* loſt;
Howe'er their Tenets varied, ſtill I ſtrove
To fix *one Principle*, their *Country's Love*.
In great *A——le*, I *blaz'd*, in *S——n* I *glow'd*,
In *P——y's Eloquence* in Torrents flow'd:
In *S——s* was *Wiſdom*; *Women fought* my Cauſe,
For me *F—k—y* explain'd the Laws:

To *C---b----m Scorn of Bribes* I did impart:
To *B----d Senſe* and *Honeſty of Heart*:
To *C----ſt----d*, what once was *Tully's* Tongue,
When *Roman Senates* on each *Period* hung;
Whilſt *G-----vile* taught in early Youth to charm,
And *L----tt---n* the drowſy Houſe cou'd warm.
All ſhar'd my Gifts, yet were they all too few
To raiſe to Reaſon the *ſubjected Crew*;
Their venal Souls no Bleſſings underſtood,
But d----d their Country for their *preſent Good.*
Amaz'd that *England* ſhould *one Wretch* endure,
Be daily injur'd, and not gain a Cure;
To ſee him honour'd higher than before,
At Leiſure ſet to count his Plunder o'er,
This wave-worn Cliff I ſought; reſolv'd to try
Some freer Element, ſome kinder Sky:
Farewel, loſt Nymph!---ungrateful Sons adieu!
Once gone, in vain my *Shadow* you'll purſue:
Whom not the *real Subſtance* could delight,
The *Form* of FREEDOM muſt renounce outright.

BRITANNIA ſaw the Goddeſs then prepare
To quit the Earth, and mount the Fields of Air,
When a bright Azure Cloud, ting'd round with Gold,
Deſcending, did the drooping Fair enfold:
There awful JUSTICE ſate, enthron'd on high,
And TRUTH unblemiſh'd, with a piercing Eye.

Fair

Fair *Freedom* ſtraightway her Companions knew,
And ſtopt to take the entertaining View,
With Joy ſhe liſtens to the pleaſing Tale,
Which, in ſoft Accents, *Truth* doth thus reveal.
Dear *Liberty!* Thou Goddeſs of the Iſle!
O give BRITANNIA yet one cheering Smile!
Again thy native Eminence aſſume!
The long-wiſh'd *Æra*, the bleſt Period's come,
When *Patriots* hail Thee, once again reſtor'd,
The ſame lov'd Being which they late ador'd,
Too long the *glorious Band* by Pow'r with-held,
Found all their juſt Endeavours were repell'd;
For *thrice Seven Years* ſucceſſive toil'd,
As often by the *grand Deceiver* foil'd;
In ev'ry Vein they ſaw their Country bleed,
And ev'ry fatal Scheme he form'd, ſucceed;
And laſt, the Meaſure of his Sins to crown,
He frames a dire Diſpute 'twixt Si--e and Son:
Thus from himſelf our cloſe Attention draws,
And gives for Feuds and Jars eternal Cauſe,
Thinking, the Torrent that againſt him roar'd
Would loſe its Force, in diff'rent Channels pour'd.
What Heart not bled to ſee the C--rt ſo chang'd,
The K--g enrag'd, the humble P—— eſtrang'd?
Serene Submiſſion on his Viſage ſate,
Yet *Reſolution* ſpoke him *truely Great*:

When flutt'ring *E—i—* the harſh Meſſage bore,
He bow'd, complain'd, obey'd, but cou'd no more.
Who ſaw the tender Fair, our Hope and Pride!
With fond Affection mourning by his Side,
And did not curſe the Authors of their Pain
Worſe than their Country's Peſtilence and Bane?
All Hirelings of the *Premier*, all his Slaves,
Ready to do whatever *Ill* he craves,
From the low ſpurious D--e, who, rais'd on high,
Sits whiſp'ring *Wrong* in Ear of M——,
To the *Buffoon Talebearer* of the C——rt,
Who pimps, and ſerves to make the N--les Sport?
From *Y----e*, whoſe tuneful Speech three Hours wou'd laſt,
To him, who always ſpeaks and v---s in haſte?
How many, when the grand Debate aroſe,
From ſeeming Friends, turn'd hearty real Foes?
Hence thro' the Nation Striſe and Malice ſpread,
And *Parties* ſprung as faſt as *Hydra's Head.*
One the old, idle *Bugbear* * *Theme* revives;
One his Opinion for *Republics* gives;
Some few the *Church* maintain; ſome think it meant
Only to injure thoſe who ſtill *diſſent*:
With diff'rent Views in Throngs the Public preſs,
Each dreads, thro' Fear, the other to careſs;
Chameleons of the C——rt their Vice maintain,
And vary to each *Hue* their *changing Grain.*

* The P—nd—r.

No Wonder, where ſuch Oppoſites prevail,
That *Freedom flies*, and *Juſtice* drops her *Scale*.
But know, *great Goddeſs!* that thy CHOSEN FEW,
To *Honour* ſacred, and their COUNTRY true.
O'er *Party Malice* and *Oppreſſion* reign,
Burſt the ſtrong Holds, and break *Corruption's* Chain.
In JUSTICE *firm*, and *prevalent* in RIGHT,
Unweary'd they wear out the *tedious Night*;
With Vigour freſh, next Morn th'Attack renew,
And trace the *Shifter* thro' each mazy Clew;
His guilty Conſcience gives him no Redreſs,
Tir'd out, he yields—and craves a ſhort Receſs.
Now, *Goddeſs!* thou again at C——rt may'ſt ſhine!
The *Royal Bands* again in Union join:
See gentle FRED'RICK all thy Aid invites,
And courts Thee back to new unfelt Delights.
All Names of *Party* in this *one* are loſt,
Who *moſt* ſhall *court* Thee, who *enjoy* Thee moſt?
When *Union* looks ſo lovely from the Throne,
If *Britons* not *agree*, the Fault's their own.
The Goddeſs ſmil'd,——ſwift-wing'd they cut the Air;
And hover round the *happy royal Pair:*
Fair LIBERTY preſents their fond Addreſs,
In Words which grateful Subjects ſhould expreſs.
'Thy Sanction, Prince! we claim, thy Prudence hail!
'*Truth* gives Thee Words, and *Juſtice* yields her Scale;

For me—my choiceſt Bleſſings I impart,
Still *glowing* in thy *Noble, Honeſt Heart*;
From thence diffus'd to all the Nation round,
I know no Limit, and I dread no Bound:
If Parties riſe, they only ſhall conteſt
Which *loves* his MONARCH, and his COUNTRY beſt.

FINIS.